A SERMON

Preached at Shelford, *in* Nottinghamshire;

On the death of that Noble, *and thrice-worthy Gentleman,*

M. IOHN STANHOPE,

Sonne and Heire to the right Honourable, PHILIP, Lord STANHOPE, Baron of SHELFORD.

(***)

Whose corps was translated from Christ-Church in Oxford, to the Sepulchres of his Fathers in the Church of *Shelford.*

There Princes shall be as nothing, Esay 34.12.

Preached by *Iohn Wall*, Doctor of Diuinity, and Student of Christ-Church in Oxford, July 27.

Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes.* 1623.

BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA

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Lawrence, 1673.

TO THE RIGHT Honorable, & Illustrious, PHILIP, *Lord* Stanhope, Baron of *Shelford*, togither with the Lady *Katharine Stanhope*, his Wife, accomplished with the endowments of vertue and true Nobility: Grace and Peace, with the daily increase of Honour and Felicitie.

Right Honorable:

I Wish, some more eminent had been chosen for this duty, from whose tongue and pen, this precious Iewell might haue receiued the po-

lish and lustre, due vnto his graces. But alas! (pious soule) he was more forward to do me honor then himselfe. And yet were I able to perform as much at his death, as I did beare towards him in his life, I should not yield to any. The truth is, it was your sons command I should preach: the desire of many, I should print: I am as ready to satisfie one, that his memorie may haue a perpetuall beeing, as I haue done the other with true Piety and Deuotion. My feare is, I shall not please the world with this abortiue Embrio, of fiue dayes medi-

meditation: ſo publiſhed, as deliuered by him that laboured in a double ſtreight: the one, of time; the other, of griefe. Howbeit, I doe not greatly paſs. Theſe lines neuer ſought plauſum mihi, ſed planctũ aliis: *or rather, comfort to your drooping ſpirits, after ſo great and ſo iuſt heauineſſe. For though yee haue many repreſentations of your noble Vertues in the reſt of your children, this was the breathing Image of your choiſeſt graces. Heere they were drawn to the life, and brought to their greateſt ripeneſs and perfection. And yet when I*

consider That other, second only to his brother, me thinks ye want but little, saue your number. Think not then what ye haue lost, but what ye haue. Sith yee cannot enioy his presence, ioy in his remembrance. Sal in omni sermone, dulcorat ora, recreat corda: (so Saint Bernard writeth of Innocentius.) The very mention of him, sweetens the mouth, and refresheth the heart; it is like salt, and maketh euery word sauourie, and pleasing. He neuer liued to be Heire of your fortunes: he dyed, Heire of your goodnesse. Hee left that Patri-

mony to others; this he enuied to the best. Let it be deaths crueltie, that he snatched him from vs: it shall be your glorie, that ye brought him to vs, and set him on the stage of this world, to be obserued and looked on with admiration; though, now, hee behold you from the top of Heauen; and seeme to speake vnto your hearts in that sweet and gracious voice of our blessed Saiuiour on the Crosse, Woman, behold thy Sonne: Father, behold thy sonne: Mother, behold thy sonne; not in the vale of miserie, but in the ioyes of Paradise. If any

thinke, I haue been somewhat Hyperbolicall in the amplifying of his Worth; he is ignorant or forgetfull, that out of his singular fauour and noble disposition, I was euer conuerſant with him, during his abode in the Vniuersity: so that I did obserue in him many rare habits, which lay not open to each vulgar eye. Well might I be transported with the affection of that loue, which the Apostle saith, hopeth all things, beleeueth all things, of him, that was a man in his minoritie: or as it is said of that Romane Generall, Imperator, antequàm miles;

miles, *fit to aduiſe & direct, when hee was vnder gouernment and tuition. My conſcience bears me witnes, I ſpeak nothing to pleaſe any; but (as* Nazianz. *writeth to* Palladius) ἀρετὴν τιμῶν, ἢ δυναστείαν θεραπεύων, *from the eſteem of his vertue, not from the regard of your Eminence. And if ſorrow be as a glaſſe dioptricall, which preſenteth the Obiect greater; or many things ſeem fairer, by the interpoſition of moiſt vapors, than otherwiſe they would: I confeſſe, I had the aduantage of a great deal of möiſture ſince his death, euen a floud and ſea of teares;*

through

through which I looked both on him and his perfections.

Thus, while I should powre oyle into your wounded harts, I am forced to bring the offering of myrrh and bitternesse. O let it be sacred to both your Persons! yee are ioined in griefe, and beare the yoke of heauinesse together: ioine in the Patronage of these confused lines, and let your Noble Greatnesse bee spread as a banner ouer them; whilest your honourable and specious names stand in letters Capitall at the front and dore of this imperfect building, like the gate of the Temple which

was

was called, BEAVTIFVL. My hope is, yee will be to me (as the Prophets phraſe is, Eſay 26.1.) murus & antemurale in this Aduenture. And ſo I lay theſe ſad and dolefull meditations at your Honours feet (for, I would not haue them come too neer the heart); beſeeching God, that he would conſider thoſe water-pots of your earthen bodies, which haue long ſtood full to the very brimme, and turn their moiſture into wine; I mean, the deaw of your tears into the deaw of his comforts; that as ye haue ſow'd in tears, ſo ye may reap in ioy, and find

his

his mercies as a refreshing to your soules.

Your Honors in all humility of seruice & affection,

IOHN WALL.

2. Sam. 12. 23.

But now he is dead, wherefore ſhould I faſt? Can I bring him back againe?

GRief and ſorrow are the wounds of our hart: tears & weeping are the bloud of thoſe wounds. If the ſoule bee troubled, the face mourns: if the ſpirit bee vexed, the fleſh diſſolues, and melts (as it were) into the bloud of

of teares. *Nyssen* writes of *Ephraim*, a religious man; ὡς σύμφυτον ἀνθρώποις ἀναπνεῖν, ὅτω Ἐφραὶμ δακρύειν; that it was no lesse ordinary and naturall for *Ephraim* to weep, than for others to breathe. My feare is, wee shall all turn *Ephraims*, or rather, be translated with *Niobe* into grave-stones, at the sight and contemplation of this dolefull spectacle. Shewe mee the hands that do not tremble: shewe mee the bowels that do not yearn: shewe me the countenance that doth not mourne: shewe mee the knees that

are

are not feeble: ſhew mee the eies that doo not caſt forth riuers: ſhew me the head that is not conuerted into a fountain: ſhew me the rocks and ſtones that doo not ſweat and yeeld, whil'ſt wee lie by the waters of confuſion, and remember the death of our Noble Brother, the beginning of his fathers ſtregth, the excellency of his dignity, the excellency of his power, whoſe face wee ſaw yer while as the face of an Angell. The Prophet writes of Chriſt, that Hee was the deſire of the Gentiles,

tiles, and the longing-for of the Nations. I dare not say the like of any creature: yet sure I am, that Town and Country, City and Vniuersity, doo wish and desire the fruition of his company; and seeme ready to bee made an offering, so they might redeem him from the pit. Would the Lord haue spar'd *Isaac*, and taken a Ram for the redemption of his body, and the safety of his son? Som perhaps would haue giuen themselues a burning *Holocaust*, and cried with the Prophet, *O* Absalon,

lon, *my ſon, my ſonne! would to God I had died for thee, O* Abſalon, *my ſonne, my ſon!* Me thinks I hear the voice of *Iacob* and others multiply round about mee into ſeueral ecchoes: Thou *Iudah*, thy brethren ſhall praiſe thee: thou *Iudah*, thy brethren ſhal lament thee. Woe is mee for *Ionathan*! I am diſtreſſed for my brother *Ionathan*; the flowr of our garden, the Crown of our reioycing, the brightnes of our glory, the Sunne of our *Horiſon*: very kinde waſt thou: thy loue exceeded that of women. How

is

is the Noble caſt down! How is the Mighty ouerthrowne! Yet are theſe eruptions more tolerable, than iuſtifiable. Too much piety towards man, is but impiety towards GOD. And that of *Seneca* is worthy imitation, *Non ſentire, non eſt hominis: non perferre, non eſt viri*: Not to be ſenſible of griefe, is to be not like a man; not to be able to withſtand it, is to bee not a man. Whereupon, *Dauid* checks his paſſion, and charmes his affection by the gracious temper of meeknes and diſcretion,

breaking throgh the cloud of what I haue read vnto you: *But now hee is dead. Why ſhould I faſt? Can I bring him again any more?*

My Text is a ſerious expoſtulation of the Prophet with himſelf: where hee makes his owne faſting no leſſe ſtrange than his childes raiſing. The Tabernacles I ſhall erect for your honourable patience to reſide in, are three: Firſt, the death of the childe, *But now hee is dead*; ſecondly, the chearfulneſſe of the father, *Why ſhould I faſt?* laſt of all, the eſtate and condi-

tion

tion of father, ſon, parents, children, together with all that are departed, (*Can I bring him back again? But now hee is dead, why ſhould I faſt? Can I bring him back again any more?*) They are all like thoſe of *Tamberlaine*, partly white, and partly black; partly terrible, and partly comfortable: Two colored with the ſhadow of death, and the blackneſs of deſtruction; One cleered with the ſerenity of ioy, and æquanimity of patience. Not to lament a ſonne, doth preiudice the ſtrength of our affection:

but,

but, to lament Him ouer-much that ſhal neuer com againe, doth weaken the ground of our profeſsion. This makes the Prophet ariſe from the earth, and waſh his face, and anoint his head, and change his apparell, and break into this expoſtulatory Dialogue; ſaying, *But now hee is dead, why ſhould I faſt? Can I bring him back again any more?*

At length we haue meaſured the waters of this boiling ſea. O let the flouds & the waues therof beat a while vpon your ſhore

ſhore with inuincible patience, and conſtant reſolution. I ſhall begin with the death of the childe in theſe words, *But now he is dead.*

As Chriſt is the life of the ſoul: ſo is the ſoule the life of the body. If God forſake our ſoule, and doo not aſsiſt it with his grace, our death is ſpiritual: If the ſoule leaue our bodies, and doo not quicken them by its power, our death is naturall. We haue the one in ſinne: wee haue the other for ſinne, both taken and deriued from the loines of

Adam,

Adam, but weakened and abolished by the death of Christ. O death, where is thy sting? O graue, where is thy victory? The sting of death, is sinne: and the strength of sin, is the Law. But, thanks be to GOD, who hath giuen vs victory through our Lord Iesus Christ. So that now it is becom the gate of life, and the way to Immortality; νομίας καθάρσιον, (as *Nyssen* speakes) the purgation of sinne, and the expiation of vnrighteousnesse; before, losse; now, aduantage; before, odious; now, pre-

cious, not only in the ſight of men, but of God alſo. Whence is that of the Prophet, *Right deare in the ſight of the Lord is the death of his Saints*. What maruell then, if the Prophet loſe his ſon, and ſhee take him that neuer ſpared any, either for ſex or age, for bloud or parentage, for powr or greatnes, for maieſty or holineſſe, but laid them together; and cloathed them with the filthineſſe of the duſt, till their skinne were rent, & they changed their pedigree, ſaying to corruption, Thou art my father;

ther; and to the worme, Thou art my sister. The greatest fauor death shewveth any, is to stay their end, and to delay their execution. One while shee nips vs in the bud: another while shee lets vs growe, and flourish, and die, and wither, before we are gathered. *Senibus in iaculis, adolescentibus in insidiis*, as Saint *Bernard* hath obserued. Shee steales vpon the yong man, and comes behinde: shee sets vpon the old man, and meets him in the face. One dieth in his full strength, when his

breſts are full of milk, and his bones of marrow. Another dieth in a full age, and goeth as a rick of corn to the ſepulchres of his Fathers; ſo that we may cry with the Poet, *Miſtaq; ſenum & iuuenũ denſantur funera*: Young and old are death's portion; ſometimes the young with the old, ſometimes the young before the old: that a father may ſuruiue his children, and go with ſorrow to the graue; ſaying, as *Iacob* did when hee looked vpon his ſonnes coat, and found it bloudy: *This is my ſonnes coat; a wicked*

Horat.

Gen. 37.33

beast hath deuoured him; and verily Ioseph *is torn in pieces.* For, death is anomalous, and keeps no order: she dooms all with equality of sentence, but not of time. We think, shee still begins at the root: but she is often at the top, and cuts the smaller branches that runne vpon the wall. O ye that florish as the Palm, and are green as the Olive; that spread your branches toward the riuer, & stand in the House of God as the polished corners of the Temple, that glory in the beauty of your strength, &

compare with the Eagles for your ſwiftnes. I thinke vpon the ſhortnes of your daies, the weaknes of your fleſh, the frailty of your nature, the lubricity of your ſtanding; that yee are but as *Ionah*'s Gourd, which ſprung and withered in a night. Say not with your ſelues, Wee are ſtrong and luſty, our fleſh is as braſſe, our ſtrength as iron: but let your whole life bee a continuall meditation vpon death, & humble your ſelues before GOD with prayers & deuotion. Were it *Abraham*, *Iacob*, *Dauid*,

Samu-

Samuel, or any of the Patriarchs that is heer departed, ye might haue confidence: but it is a young childe, a tender infant, scarce weaned from the brests; and yet was more infortunate than That of the widow. *Eliah* raised That: the Prophet cannot This, but asketh with despair, להשיבו אשובנו *Can I bring him againe any more?* And so I lead you to my third Tent or Pauilion, which shall bee the second in my discourse; wch is, the estate and condition of all that are departed: they must neuer returne again.

This Question is like
Iob 14. 14. that of *Iob*; *If a man die, shall hee liue againe?* and the resolution must be negatiue: for, heerin we are inferiour to plants. The tree buds, and sproutes by the sent of waters, when the roote is old, and the stock dryed in the ground: but if man perish and consume, there is no expectation of returne. For, the house of death is like the den of a Lion, where the Fox made this obseruation; All the footsteps of other beasts were forward, none backward:

Omnia

Omnia te adnorsum spectantia, nulla retrorsum.

If once shee doe shut her mouth vpon vs, shee will neuer open it againe. The priuation of life is not partiall, and therefore admitteth no regression that is naturall. Whence is that of the Prophet, *O spare mee a little, that I may recouer my strength, before I goe hence, and bee no more seene.* Yet we know, That of *Augustine*, is most true: *Facilius à morte, quàm aliy à somno, &c.* God is able to raise vs with more facility from death, then wee can others from

sleepe. The Prophets raised some, the Apostles, others; Christ many. Witnesse that glorious Voice, and powerfull invocation, when he shook the chambers of the graue, and brought forth *Lazarus* with a Call, *Prodi foras, Lazare*; My friend *Lazarus*, come forth: but this was typicall, and miraculous. If any look for wonders now, himself he will be the greatest wonder. And therefore let no man expect the quickening of the dead, or the opening of the graue, till the Lord descend

Ioh. 11. 43

Aug.

ſcend with a ſhout, and the Arch-Angell blowe his trumpe, and it bee ſaid to the earth, Giue; and to the ſea, Yeeld vp thy ſlaine. Indeed the time ſhall come, when the Lord ſhal create a new earth, and new heauens; the Sun ſhall be turned into darknes, and the Moone into bloud. Then ſhall the Lord call to the foure windes, and breathe vpon his ſlaine: then ſhall he ſend forth a deaw, and make the wombe of the earth vnbowell it ſelfe to the very center. Whatſoeuer the earth hath couered,

the deepe ſwallowed, the fire conſumed, the beaſts deuoured, ſhall return and come to life, and receiue their integrall perfection: till then, we looke for nothing but paine and trauell in the world, peace and ſilence in the graue: For, it is the bed of our reſt, and the houſe of our eternitie. There we muſt lie down, and abide for euer.

Horat. *Nec lethæi valet Theſeus abrumpere charo*
Vincula Pirithoô.

Nor *Theſeus*, nor *Hercules*, nor the ſweete muſick of diuine *Orpheus* can force the

the powers of that slimie valley, or draw the stones from the mouth of our vntimely sepulchres. Why then should the Prophet fast or mourn, and not rather bee cheerfull and ioyous? Which is the last Tabernacle, and craues a double patience; one towards me, another towards him that is asleep.

The end of life is the period of misery: and they dye soonest, whom GOD loues dearest. When *Trophonius* had built a Temple, and done many good works, he went to the Oracle,

racle, & lookt for thanks: Answer was made, that seuen daies after, he should haue a reward: at what time the good man died; to shew, that death is the greatest benefit we can receiue at the hands of God. Why then should the Prophet fast and mourne, as they which haue neyther faith nor hope? When *Saul* died, he made great lamentation, reproued the murderer, cursed the fields in which he was slain; *O yee mountaines of Gilboa, vpon you be neither dew nor rain.* Shall hee mourn for his e-

nemies,

nemies, and not for his friends? Shall he grieue for a ſtranger, and not for his ſonne? Yes; the death of *Saul* was miſerable & deſperate; the death of his ſon peaceable and quiet: howbeit many think, hee grieued more for Iſrael, then for *Saul*; which ſuffered much in the loſſe of kings. I am not ſo rigid as that ancient Father; *Pereat ſæculum, modò habeam patientiam*: Giue mee patience, and let the whole world periſh. Some teares are to be ſhed ouer thoſe which are gone before vs; as

Chriſt

Iohn 11. 35. Christ did ouer *Lazarus*: But to sigh, and to grone, and to fast, and to mourn, to refuse comfort, and to embrace the ceremonies of continuall heauinesse, to fly into the desart, and to runne into the caues of the earth, to abhorre the light, and to auoid the Sunne, whereof our friends are once depriued, is neither Christian nor humane.

Tert. *Non est lugendus, sed desiderandus*, (saith *Tertullian*:) We may desire, but not lament them ouermuch. And yet this desire is to be tempered with moderati-

on.

on. It were easie for me to erect your patience with the example of Heathens, and Infidels. One hears of the death of his Sonne, and neuer staies his sacrifice. Another hears of the death of his Son, and cryes out, that he knew he was born mortall. A third heares of the death of his Sonne, and is neuer touched with it: onely takes order, hee may haue buriall. But that which *Elkanah* said to his wife, is most comfortable and heauenly: Why dost thou fast and not eate? why is thy heart vexed, 1 Sam. 1. 8

and

and thy ſpirit troubled? am not I more to thee then tenne ſonnes? Sure I am, that the Lord is more to vs, then 10000. children that abound as the ſands, and multiply as the ſtarres in their ſeuerall generations. Now therefore, Elect of God, holy and beloued, poſſeſſe your hearts with patience, meeknes, long-ſuffering, gentleneſs: and the God of hope fill you with all ioy. *Peribimus cum perdito?* (as *Tertullian* queſtions) Shall wee loſe our ſelues, becauſe we haue loſt our friends? Yea rather let tri-

Tert.

tribulation bring forth patience, & patience, experience, and experience, hope; and hope make vs neuer to bee ashamed. To bewail the righteous, is to repine at their blessednes. They are not teares & lamentations, but praises & gratulations, songs, & panegyricks, shoutings and acclamations, which are due to all such as haue changed earth for heauen, corruption with immortalitie, trouble with rest, perill with safetie, the body of death, with the cloathing of life, and that, in the pre- Rom 5. 3.4, &c.

sence

ſences of God, and his elect Angels. But if euer ſuch elogies were giuen any, let them not bee wanting to the Shrine and Altar of his ſacred aſhes, that was a liuing Arke, and golden cabinet of moſt noble graces and heroicall perfections. It was a cuſtom with the Ancients, for children to celebrate the exequies of their parents, and to incite a deſire of them by many ſolemn commemorations: but now the order is peruerted; what the younger ſhould do for the elder, the elder muſt doe

for

for the younger. For a Son, wee haue a coarſe: and for an heire, a herſe. And that precious clay which yer while was the receptacle of the beſt of humane excellencies, honor, nobility, knowledge, induſtrie, patience, humilitie, deuotion, pietie, ſhining & ſparkling with the luſtre of his vertue, as with the brightnes of a Diamond, muſt now bee left to the putrefaction of the earth, and the obſcurity of the graue. Faine would I abandon heauines, and make a ſtorie of his vertues. But though

though I ſtand in the preſence of God, I feele ſomewhat of a man: & do ſooner let fall teares the words.

——Quis talia fando
Myrmidonum Dolopúmue
aut duri miles Vlyſſei
Temperet à lachrymis?

My heart pants, my ſpeech failes, my ſoule melts, my tongue faulters, mine eyes recoyle, and ſink back into their holes, whil'ſt I looke vpon the emblcme of his frailtie, & our miſery. Yet let mee ſay with *Poſſidonius*, *Nihil agis dolor*: away ſorrow, thou ſhalt not be my hinderance.

derance. I will neuer leaue him at his death, that endeered mee so much in his life, till I haue hewne him a tombe out of the rock, a resting place in the most stony heart, and set vp the memoriall of his vertue, as a pillar of salt, in the hearts of many, to direct and season them with an euerlasting holinesse.

'Tis vnfit, such a candle, such a torch of Vertue and Nobility, should be placed vnder a bushell, but rather in the Candlestick of the Church, for comfortable illumination of such as de-

sire

ſire to bee informed. *Verùm ad iſta quis idoneus?* (If I may vſe theſe words in another ſence) Who is ſufficiẽt for ſo great a task? As I haue more experience of his goodnes then others, hauing beene an Auditour oftentimes of his admired conference: ſo haue I leſſe facultie to expreſſe it: for, this little fleece that lieth before vs, is able to drinke and exhauſt the ſweeteſt ſtreames, and greateſt torrents of milken ſpeech, and powerfull eloquence, that euer ran from the veine of *Demoſthenes*. O thou noble

branch,

branch, and flourishing bough of a spreading root, and honorable stock. Such eminence of vertue, is enough to make Idolatours of Christians, and to conuert our pietie into superstitious adorations. Giue place, ye Saints of *Rome*, & vanish at the shadow of his presence: there is more holinesse in one of his reliques, then in all the legend of thy supposed gods. But doe thou awake, and Christ shall giue thee light, the truth shall giue thee light, heauen and earth shall giue thee light, and

beare record of thy glory. I am not forgetfull where I ſtand: and as, to lie or flatter, were a great ſinne againſt the GOD of this place: ſo it were a poore purchaſe for mee, to col, logue with the dead. I ſhould firſt beginne with thy birth, but that I want thy skill to blazon foorth thy Armes. Thou waſt both Matter and Maſter of that Art; as good in Heraldry, as great in Nobility: which took more from thee, than euer it could beſtowe. Did not the coldnes of thy bloud, and the imbecillity

becillity of thy flesh proue thee to be man, the Greatnes of thy bloud, and the Generosity of thy spirit would haue coozened the world, and made vs iealous of thy perfections. *Stanhope* & *Hastings* were the Noble Houses, & Illustrious Families, from whence thou camest, and proued symbolicall of that hopefull towardlines and pregnant ripenes, which thou didst after shew, in the prepropetous mastering of euery faculty that might qualifie so great a bloud. But the lustre of

this is so conspicuous, that it seems to bee drawne rather with a beam of the Sun, than with the pencill of a work-man. Whatsoeuer the ground was that nature laid, the Building of gold and siluer, which grace set vpon it, was of a price inualuable. O what loue, O what patience, O what learning, O what knowledge, O what sobriety, O what temperance, O what deuotion, O what holinesse diddest thou adde to those heroicall seeds of ingenerate goodnes, which thou didst re-

receiue together with thy life! Euery precious Stone was in thy garment; the Rubie, the Topaz, the Iasper, the Emeraud; so rare endowments of soule and body, as were scarce to be found in any. Wee reade of *Claudius*, that he had the vertues of many Princes; the wisdome of *Augustus*, the piety of *Antoninus*: but wee haue seen and heard the choice eminencies of noble Worthies, that were seeded in him, and met in his breast as in a centre. Tell not me of *Cyrus* or *Germanicus*, whose vertues when

Trebellius Pol. in.

himself had read, he practised with improvement: their minority was eclipsed by his addition: Art and nature, vertue and discipline striued to shew in him the vtmost of their power. His sports were vertues; his recreations, instructions; his actions, rules; his workes, examples. And yet I admire nothing so much as his deuout heart and religious soule, setled and rooted in the true faith of Christ, amidst the Ring of many habits morall and intellectuall. Hee euer thought

the day loſt, and the time miſ-ſpent wherein he had not learned or practiſed ſome good. *Aſpectu dulcis, alloquio ſuauis, in omni conuerſatione benigniſsimus*, as S. *Bernard* writeth on the like occaſion; Of a ſweete countenance, of pleaſant conference, in the whole carriage and deportment of himſelfe, moſt amiable, and moſt gracious. Yea let mee ſay as the Hiſtorian dooth of *Druſus*, *Morum ſuauitas inimitabilis*: The ſweetnes of his manners, and the wonderfull candor of his ingenuous diſ- Vell. Paterc.

positions inimitable. After his departure, I had the perusal of his studie. O that I had heer to shew you the writings and collections that he had made in *Grammar, Rhetorique, Poetrie, Logique, Philosophie, Heraldry, Geographie*, which these eies haue seen; yea, & in Diuinity a little book, which he intended to dedicate to his *Lady*-Mother! Serious monuments of indefatigable pains. They all smell of the Lamp, and breathe nothing but labor, industrie, vigilance, studie, flexible obedience, and waxen pli-

antnes

antnes to the wiſe and profitable directions of his moſt carefull and louing Tutor. Let the heauens keepe thy ſoule, the earth thy bones: the Vniuerſity ſhall preſerue thy name, and diſplay the remembrance of thy worth, as ſo many Trophies and Banners of learned ſpoile, and immortall glory round about their Sanctuarie.

Master Iohn Hodſdon, Maſter of Arts and Student of Chriſt-church.

Should I mention his affection to his brother, his dutifulnes to his parents, his kindnes to his acquaintance, his charitie towards all, the temper of his ſpirit,

Multæque pars tui vitabit Libitinam.

the elegance of his behaui-
our, the bowels of mercy
& compaſsion, the ſharp-
neſſe of wit, the quick-
nes of vnderſtanding, the
ſtrange mixture of courage
and humility, bounty and
diſcretion; yee would
ſtand amazed, and cry, that
nothing was deficient in
him, but time; nothing
wanting, but yeers. Thus
hath the maturity of vertue
brought an immaturity of
fate: and when death lookt
vpon him, ſhee took him
to bee very aged. Curſed
death, how durſt thou vi-
olate ſo innocent a life?

Did

Did he euer delight in ſin, or defile himſelfe ſo much as with an oath? Now we finde to our woe & griefe, that *Seneca* ſpake the truth: *Ingenia quò illuſtriora, eò breuiora*: The ſweeteſt flowers are ſooneſt gone: the brighteſt fire is ſooneſt conſumed. Briers and thiſtles are more durable then Violets and Roſes: and that ſickneſs which many ouercame, depriued him of life and being. But as the Sun is moſt comfortable when it ſets, and is declining: ſo the luſtre of his graces ſhined moſt cleare-

ly,

ly, when hee languiſhed and was departing. Now wee might obſerue the diuinity of his ſoule, the Image of his Maker, his conformity with God; heere the fire began to kindle within his breſt, and he ſpake with his tongue in the confeſſion of his ſin, and deſire of pardon, call'd for prayer, long'd for heauen. One while hee cried, Tutor, will you goe with me? Another while, Frieds, pray with mee, that I may continue as ready for God vnto the end, as I am at this inſtant.

O that new wine that brake foorth of that new veſſell, purged & ſanctified by the holy Ghoſt! His mouth was full of that which was ingrauen in his heart, the ſweete and bleſſed Name of IESVS; and hee cried from the abundance of the heart, How long, ſweet Ieſus, holy and true! Sweet Ieſu, haue mercy vpon mee. Sweet Ieſu, receiue mee into thy Kingdome. *In te, Domine, ſperaui*: In thee, Lord, haue I put my truſt, let mee neuer be confounded. No ſooner had God

made

made his Will knowne to him, but he made his Will to God and man, and that very formally: *In the Name of God, Amen. Bequeathing his ſoule to the Lord, and his body to the earth*; and (that which I muſt needs ſpeak in honour of his gratefull ſpirit) his books (the chiefeſt treaſure which he had) to him that adorned him with the rich chaines and precious iewels of knowledge and inſtruction. So carefull was he to remember at his death, what that Noble Lord had oft ſuggeſted in his life; that hee ſhould

His tutor, M. Hodſdon.

ſhould neuer forget him that had ſpent ſo many daies and yeeres, to make him cõpleat in the knowledge and loue of learning and goodnes. What then? Could the loue of this world, or the agony of his ſicknes, or the greatnes of his fortune, or the delight of that honour which ſtaied for him, diuorce him from the Lord? Surely no. Chriſt was his ioy: GOD was his ſaluation. Nor height, nor depth, nor things preſent, nor things to com, nor life, nor death, nor any other creature,

was

was able to ſeparate him from the loue of GOD, which is in Chriſt Ieſus. His praiers went foorth as incenſe; and the lifting-vp of his hands, as an euening ſacrifice. When hee was ſcarce able to ſtand or lie, he kneeled to his deuotion in his bed, the curtains being drawne, as though hee meant to ſleep: which one of the Phyſicians by chãce eſpied; looking-in at the curtain, to ſee whether hee ſlept or no. At length, hauing obſerued the contrition of his ſoule, the feruour of his ſpirit, the ſtedfaſtnes

Doctor Lapworth.

of

of his faith, the assurance of life, through the death and merits of our Sauiour; I took the keies which the Lord hath giuen into our hands, and pronounced absolution of sins (as the Church directeth): which he receiued with comfort, and reioyced much in the peace of his conscience. If any thing troubled the composed rest of his fixed heart and settled thoughts, it was the sight of his Fathers grief now present, & cast downe with heauinesse: for, when that Noble Lord kneeld at his bed,

and

and powred forth his soule in mourning, made fasting his bread, and his drink teares; he took spirit, and staid the flight of his soule ready to bee gone, till such time as hee bespake his Father in these words: I pray you, grieue not for mee: for I am going to heauen, to my God, and to your God; to my Father, and to your Father which is in heauen. And when, by reason of the extremity of paine and heat, he threw off the clothes, his Lord Father thus bespake him: *Iack*, you promist me, you

would

would lie ſtill. To whom hee replied; Dear Father, I am ready to doo you any duty ſo long as I liue. O the wonderfull conflict of loue and mutuall obſeruance! I know not which was greateſt, the piety and affection of the one, or the obedience & compaſſion of the other. Sure I am, the combate held till death parted. Thus did he continue in deuout & heauenly meditations; drawing grace, as long as breath; and breathing holineſſe, as long as aire: till at length his ſoule fled as a bird vnto

the

the hilles, and as a Doue from the Arke of his body: where the blessed Spirit met with his spirit, and hath now receiued him into the glorious rest of eternall mansions, and euerlasting habitations.

Some do heere question *Esculapius* and his sonnes. Were yee all asleepe? or did sorrow make you forget your skill? was there no balme in *Gilead*? why did you not preserue so rare a *Phœnix* of Art and Nature? Yee had almost drawne the bloud of a Noble Family vpon you,

taken

taken with a *Lipothymie* at the ſenſe of his infirmity. Had yee not pitied him, yee might ſo great a name, or ſo many vertues that were borne and extinguiſhed with him. But my ſpeech is to him directed, that is with God, bleſſed Saint and Darling of the Higheſt, once a Starre in earth, but nów of greater magnitude in the heauens. Wee embrace thy goodnes, wee lament thy abſence, as much as *Iacob*, *Ioſeph*; or *Dauid*, *Ionathan*: For, loue is ſtrong as death, and cruell as the graue.

The

The waters may not quench it, nor the flouds drowne it. O that my ſoule were wrapped in thine! O that my life were bound in thine! O that my ſpirit were knit with thine as neere in preſence as affection! Then ſhould I ſtand before the Throne of God, and follow the Lambe whitherſoeuer he goeth; crowned with Virgins; honoured with Martyrs; glorified with Saints, and for euer bleſſed with the holy Angels. Thou haſt forſaken our Garden, and art ſet in Paradiſe.

radiſe. Thou haſt left an earthly portion, but found an euerlaſting Inheritance. 'T is not the bloud of any fiſh, but of that Immaculate Lamb Chriſt Ieſus, that dies thy ſcarlet, and cloathes thee with the Robes of immortall glory. Hee that was an heire of man, is now made the Son of God, and coheire with CHRIST; which is the top & crowne of his Noble ſtock and ſacred pedigree. By this, tis time wee looked vpon the text, and cryed with the Prophet, *Why ſhould I faſt?* or why ſhould

ſhould I mourne? O let the ſplendour of his dignity, & the reflexion of his graces dry vp your tears, and wipe them from all your faces. If euer *Dauid* had a parallel of griefe and heauines, when hee fell to the ground, and lay on the earth, & would neither eat nor drink for the anguiſh of his ſoule, and the affliction of his ſpirit; you ſee him in this Honorable Perſonage. But now be a parallel of ioy and cheerefulneſs. As you haue followed him in the affections of man, the bitternes

of

of passions; so imitate him in the comforts of God, and the exercise of patience. What though your childe bee dead? He is not lost, but safe; and behold, hee liues for euermore. What though wee cannot bring him to vs? Wee shall goe to him in the generall consummation, when all things shall be renewed. There is none hath taken him, but hee that gaue him: none hath called him, but hee that redeemed him. GOD had but

one Sonne, and chose from euerlasting; yet was hee ready to part with him, and to giue him for our safety. Wee haue many, and those subiect to corruption: and shall not we be as readie to part with one, and to yeeld him to his glory?

Comfort your selues with this, and let it bee your great satisfaction, that once ye had a son whom God loued, men honored, the ornament of Citie and Vniuersitie, not touched with vani-

ty in the sublimity of his fortunes, not depraued with softnes in the delicacy of his breeding, but framed after GOD'S owne heart, and now aduanced to the felicity of his Chosen. O yee Starres of this lower Element, O ye Sunne and Moon that moue in the spheares of honour and renowne, let not the clouds of griefe obscure your light, or eclipse your glory. Haue not Kings and Princes the like disaster?

'Tis not long since our

whole Land mourned for the losse of her First-borne: and will you bee excused for yours? Though hee were too good for vs, yet hee was not for GOD: though we cannot prize so rich a Iewell, yet GOD can and doth, to his endlesse comfort.

Psal. 127. 3. & 4. Children are an heritage that commeth from God: they are as arrowes in the hand of a Giant. The Lord hath sent you many, and made your quiuer full of them: long may you enioy them,

them, and see your chil-
drens children vnto the
third and fourth gene-
ration.

O thinke vpon these
comforts, and remem-
ber how God hath bles-
sed you aboue thou-
sands of your brethren.
Yee are blessed in the
field, and blessed in the
City, blessed in the fruit
of your ground, and
blessed in the fruit of
your bodies, with the
blessings of the wombe
and the breasts, with
the dewe that lyeth a-
boue, and the Deepe

that lyeth beneath, with the sweetnesse of the earth, and the abundance thereof.

When ALCIBIADES came to his friends house, and tooke away much plate with him, the other marueiled that his friend gaue him thankes because hee had left some behinde, which he might haue taken all: so doe yee praise and glorifie the goodnesse of the Lord, that hath left you so many children, which he might haue taken all,

and smote you with a generall orbity. Not to speak of the rest of your children, that stand as Olive branches round about your Table; yee haue one worthy of his fortune, emulous of his Vertue, of like Noble disposition. I scarce euer knew them but together: and as long as he liues, I shall thinke the other but halfe dead: Such was the harmony and sympathie of their affections.

Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat.

Marke then, I beseech you, the words of *Iacob*, and take them to your selues. When *Simeon* and *Beniamin* were gone, he mourned and tooke on, yet at length hee was cõforted with the sight of *Ioseph*, and cried out; *I haue enough, my sonne Ioseph is yet aliue.*

But alas! this was the ioy of our hearts, and Son of our right hand, the strength of our loynes, and staffe of our comfort; *Delicię hominum*, as it is said of that young Emperour,

Et sper surgentis Iuli.

I am readie to giue as much in this, as any can imagine. Yet see the goodnesse of God, that dooth no sooner take one, but hee sends another. I pray God it may proue as *Isaac*, the child of ioy and Laughter. Change is no robberie with men, much lesse with him that is God ouer all, blessed for euer. Hee may say to vs, as *Alexander* did to those hee ouercame: *Non veni, vt acciperem quod darem vis, sed vt vos habeatis, quod*

ego reliquerem. I came not to get credit what you would please to giue; but that ye might haue what I pleased to leaue.

Beware then lest yee offend God, and disquiet the peace of the graue: were there any sense among the dead, hee would grieue at your lamentations. What yee refuse to doe for your owne sake, leaue for his: at least take that counsell of our SAVIOVR,

Luke 23. 28. *Weepe not for him, but weepe for your selues, and*

the

the iniquitie of our transgressions.

More would be said, but I feare to exulcerate your heauinesse, and to renew that which time and silence might digest. I will not so much wrong the vertue of your patience, and Nobility of your spirit, as to thinke you should alwayes mourne as a Doue, and chatter as a Swallow: yet let not any bee angry; and I will but speake once to the liuing, and once to the dead. For, now mee thinks,

thinks, I enuie the con-
Mark 5.3 dition of that man in
the Gospell, which li-
ued among the graues:
and fain would I make
his tombe the place of
my abode. Deare soule,
would thy death haue
beene taken into me, or
my life haue been trans-
fused into thee, thou
hadst not laine in a wa-
tred couch, or bin made
a spectacle of mortality.
But now thou art taken
from vs, or rather from
our miseries: thou shalt
not feele or see the trou-
bles of life, the furie of

warre,

warre, the ſubuerſion of States, the ruine of Kingdomes, the iniquitie of manners, the malignity of Starres, the purging and firing of the whole world, in the great and generall Deflagration.

Theſe are the euils that hang o're our heads as a ſword in a ſtring: but thou art taken from them: thine eyes ſhall not behold them: we reioyce in thy liberty: wee gratulate thy felicitie: thou art not heere, but in the Paradiſe of GOD. There doo the Saints-

meet

meet thee, and the Elders salute thee, and all ioine in the Song of the *Apocalypse*; *Praise, and honour, and dominion, and power, be to Him that sits upon the Throne, and to the Lamb for euer.*

O pardon these vnworthy rites, and imperfect celebrities. I should haue wrapt thee in gold, & embalm'd thee with Odors: but thou art cast into the leaden mould of my heauie thoughts, and slowe inuention. Thou diddest well to desire a Sermon at thy death,

death, which louedst them so wel in thy * life. But thy choice was inferiour to thy wish. Why didst thou recommend that duty to me, which some vocall Baptist should haue vndertaken? Thou wast content to haue peace on the earth, and glory in the heauens: for, the infancy of my speech was neuer able to reach the sublimity of thy worth. Yet since it was thy fault, be not displeased with him that admired thy vertue. The merits of Christ Iesus

* For, it was obserued, that in the space of a yeer, during thy abode at Oxford, thou wast neuer absent twice from Sermons.

sus procure a blessing to vs all; to thy parents, ioy and gladnes; to thy friends, comfort and patience; to euery liuing Stone of that spirituall Ierusalem, mercy & forgiuenesse. As for you, my Brethren, that mourn in Sion, and are ready to go downe with him into the graue, bury your sorrow there, but come your selues away: shut vp those Springs of bubbling teares, and ouerflowing heauinesse, and learne a new Fast of the Prophet; not from meat

and

and drinke, but from fasting and mourning. What though hee bee gone, & come no more? The Bridegroome is come, and shall abide with vs to the end of the world.

O thinke of the marriage of the Lambe, and the great Supper prouided for vs in the heauens: there shall be ioy, and gladnes, and security, and blessednes: and sorrow and mourning shall fly away. Wherefore our prayer shall be That of *Ambrose*: *Im-*

maturum

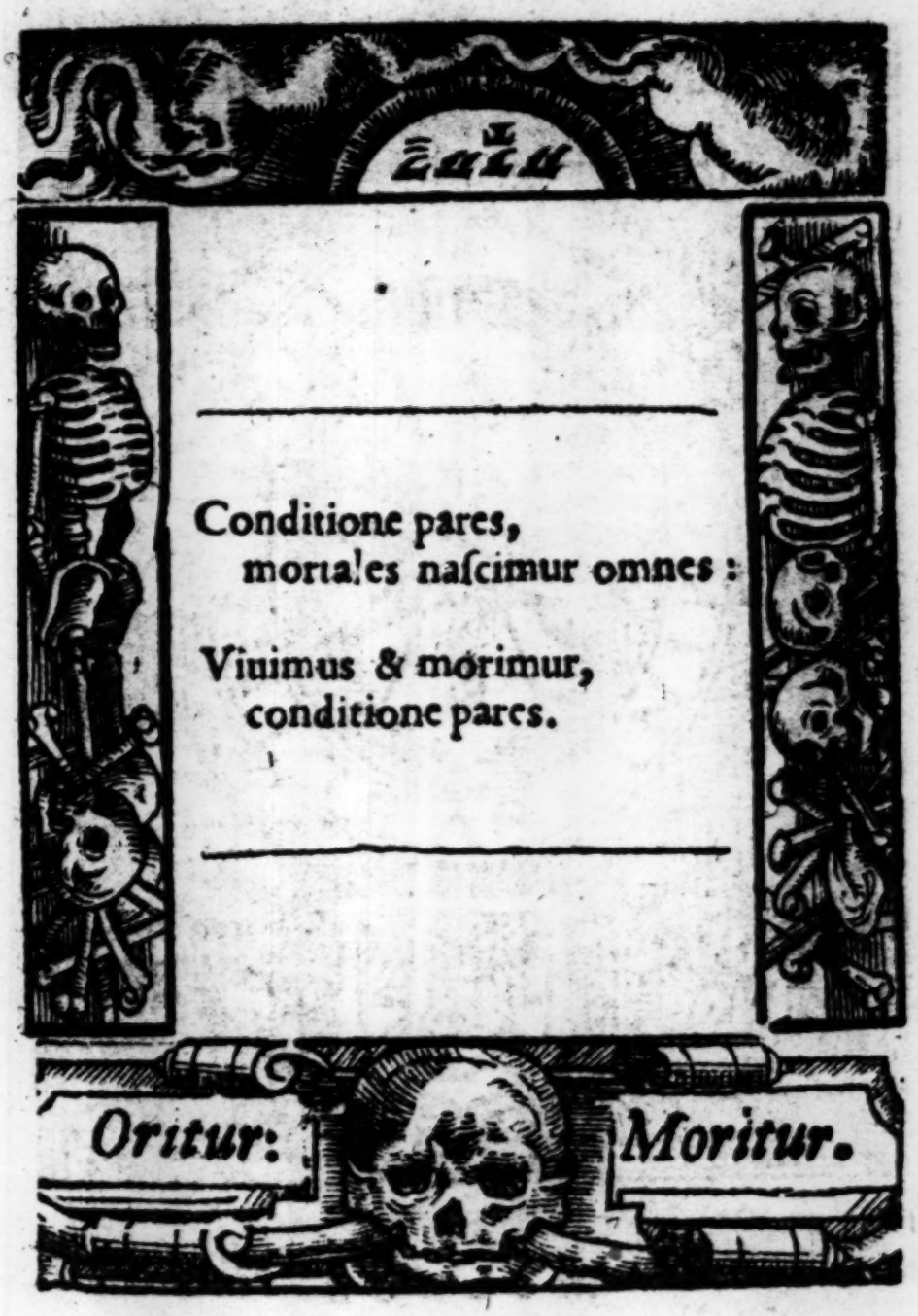
maturam vitæ exitum naturâ resurrectione compensa. Sweet Iesu, gather thy Saints, hasten thy Kingdom, raise our brethers, and bring our Fathers from the darknes of their sepulchers: recompence the vntimely death of this Noble Sparke, with the timely resurrectiõ of thy whole Church, to euerlasting ioy and imperturbable happines. Which the Lord grant for the merits of his Sonne: to whom with the Holy Ghost, three Persons, and

and one GOD, bee all power, maiesty, and dominion, this day and for euer. Amen.

FINIS.

and one GOD, be all
power, majesty, and do-
minion, this day and for
ever. Amen.

FINIS


Conditione pares,
mortales nascimur omnes:
Viuimus & morimur,
conditione pares.
Oritur:
Moritur.